

The most lamentable Tragedie

Goe packe with him, and giue the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their child shall be aduunst,
And be receiued for the Emperours heyre,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calme this tempest whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.
Harke yee Lords, you see I haue giuen her phisick,
And you must needes bestow her funerall,
The fieldes are neere, and you are gallant Groomies:
This done, see that you take no longer dayes
But send the Midwife presently to me.
The Midwife and the Nurse well made away.
Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.

Chiron. Aron. I see thou wilt not trust the ayre with secrets.

Deme. For this care of *Tamora*,

Her selfe, and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt.*

Aron. Now to the *Gothes*, as swift as swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in mine armes,
And secretly to greet the Empreffe friendes:
Come on you thick-lipt-slaue, Ile beare you hence,
For it is you that puts vs to our shifts:
Ile make you feede on berries, and on rootes,
And feede on curds and whay, and sucke the Goate,
And cabbins in a Caue, and bring you vp,
To be a warriour and commaund a Campe. *Exit.*

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentlemen with bowes, and Titus beares the arrowes with Letters on the endes of them.

Titus. Come *Marcus*, come, kinsmen this is the way,
Sir boy let me see your archerie,
Looke yee draw home enough and tis there straight,

Terras

of Titus Andronicus.

Terras Astrea reliquit, be you remembred *Marcus*.
Shee's gone, shees fled, firs take you to your tooles,
You Cofens shall goe found the Ocean,
And cast your nets, happily you may catch her in the sea,
Yet ther's as little iustice as at Land:
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you must doe it,
Tis you must dig with mattocke and with spade,
And pierce the inmost center of the earth,
Then when you come to *Plutoes* Region,
I pray you deliuer him this petition,
Tell him it is for iustice and for ayde,
And that it comes from olde *Andronicus*,
Shaken with sorrowes in vngratefull Rome.
Ah Rome, well, well, I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the peoples suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore mee.
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leaue you not a man of warre vnsearcht,
This wicked Emperour may haue shipt her hence,
And kinsmen then we may goe pipe for iustice.

Marcus. O *Publius*, is not this a heauie case
To see thy noble Vnkle this distract?

Publius. Therfore my Lords it highly vs concernes,
By day and night t'attend him carefully:
And feede his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some carefull remedie.

Marcus. Kinsmen, his sorrowes are past remedie.
Ioyne with the *Gothes*, and with reuengefull warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traytour *Saturnine*.

Titus. *Publius* how now, how now my Maisters,
VWhat haue you met with her?

Publius. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
If you will haue reuenge from hell you shall,

Marcus